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courses in mathematics; Havemeyer Hall will accommodate the Schools of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Architecture, and in the Engineering Building will be held the lectures in civil, electrical, mining and mechanical engineering.

ALCHEMY IN FRANCE.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

France, which used to be the nursing mother of scepticism, promises to become the happy hunting ground for all modern superstitions. Spiritualism, as we all know, has become so prevalent a craze that M. Sardou, that shrewd person, thought it worth while to give it the triculate after passing an examination in the theory and history of alchemy; if they are not ploughed, the M. A.s instruct them in the art, which sounds delightfully simple; it consists solely in uniting male metals to female metals. The prototype of the male is gold, that of the female silver. But remember that in this science the personal morality of the operator is an important factor. A man can only make gold when he has gold in himself—that is, when he lives in a state of holiness; otherwise all the teeth stoppings in Europe will not avail him. There emanates from man a luminous fluid, which M. Rochas has succeeded in photographing, and the quality of this fluid affects the result. After this it seems like an impertinence to ask any one if he has succeeded in making

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honors of theatrical representation. Now it would appear that alchemy also is in full swing at Paris; and, funniest of all, there has been established a free university of occult science. This institution has three branches, each with its appointed professors. There is the faculty of Spiritualism, which presumably gives certificates to clairvoyants; the faculty of Magnetic Science, which has issued this year, after examination, diplomas to twenty students in the arts of magnetism and massage; and, thirdly, the faculty of Hermetic Science, which concerns itself with the occult properties of matter, and holds courses of lectures for candidates for a B. A. in the Kabbala. M. Sédir, the chief luminary of this section, has just been interviewed by a French journalist for the "Temps." Students, he explains, are only admitted to magold; nevertheless, the question was put. M. Sédir has not succeeded, but M. Strindberg has—but only in microscopic quantities. While fluid virtue is so scarce among alchemists, there is still a chance for Klondike and the Rand. However, another of these savans, M. Tiffereau has organized a company, the Argentaurum Syndicate, for the transmutation of metals. The price of shares is not quoted, but no doubt all information can be obtained from "L'Hyperchimie," the monthly review of the Alchemists' Association, published at Amiens. The name is unpleasantly suggestive of supercherie; and it is permissible to wonder if they pay their printer in gold of their own fabrication.

A PREPOSTEROUS FACT.

From The Argonaut.

"Where's Nedward?" some one asked the foreman one August night when the boys were gathered around the supper table after a hard day in the branding pens.

"Sent him over to the river with the horses for Mack," replied the foreman; "he won't be back for four days."

"Oh, a picnic," said the first speaker.

"Not quite; it's a long stretch without water."

"Beats branding calves," insisted the other.

"Yes, if you're built that way."

Ten miles or so from the ranch the circling buzzards looked down upon a prostrate man. When the sun set, a cool breeze sprang up and the man stirred and groaned. He lay upon an elevated mesa, far from any house or tree or water-course. Here and there a stunted soapweed showed above the level of the plain. A mile to the eastward a band of horses were quietly grazing, and a keen eye might have detected that one was saddled. The crisp buffalo-grass about the man was crushed down and broken off. Twenty feet away a dog-hole showed a fresh hoofmark, and in the earth beside the man was a broad mark made by the cantle of the saddle as the horse rolled over.

It was nearly dark, and the stars were shining when the man finally opened his eyes intelligently.

"Boys, give me a drink," he said. "Water, water!" he repeated.

Low in the north fitful lightnings played about a pillar of cloud. If the cloud drifted this way he might get water; if not, he would go dry. Certainly no man's hand would minister to him that night. Soon he realized the situation.

"I was stunned—my leg is broken," said he. "I'll lie here until I rot before they will find me. Oh, God, water!"

The cloud drew nearer, grew larger, and put out the stars. As it slid down from the mountain and advanced across the plain rumbling thunder gave promise of imminent rain. Painfully the man stripped off his coat and spread it beside him to catch the water. His hat had fallen and lay several feet beyond his reach.

Quickly the cloud spread overhead. Following a jarring roll of thunder, a few big drops fell—one on the face of the thirsty man. And that was all. A brisk west wind wiped the sky clean in a moment, while the man yet waited expectant. The stars shone out bright and cold. The man shivered and cursed, and drew the coat about him.

Toward morning he slept, and dreamed he heard the foreman's cheery summons: "Roll out, fellows!" but when he sat up suddenly a twinge in his leg brought him back to facts—thirst, daylight, helplessness. He had been awakened by the chattering of the little marmot into whose hole the horse had stumbled, now come forth to view the damage done his home. The man drew his pistol and fired twice at the prairie-dog.

"Missed at twenty feet," he muttered, lying down again. "I'll never tell that."

All night he had lain upon his back. Now, very slowly, and with both hands clasping the injured leg, which was broken below the knee, he turned upon his face and reached out toward the hat. It was still several feet beyond him.

"I've got to get out of this," was his thought; "and it's going to hurt like hell. I'd better begin by going after my hat." And he went. It required time and fortitude to crawl ten feet on hands and knee, dragging the broken leg, but it was done at last. He reached the hat and lay down to take account of himself and his chances.

"Ten feet in an hour is 240 in a day. I would get to the ranch in about six months at that rate if I could keep it up day and night. I've got to stay right here until the buzzards get me. If I had water I would'nt care if the devil got me, if I ever get water I've got to get it to-day. By to-morrow I'll be too stiff and too silly. I know"—sitting up and looking around—"there's no water on this flat, for there isn't a hoof of stock in sight. Over toward the mountain there are water-holes every spring, but they have been dry since June. By God," he said aloud, "that cloud last night emptied out somewhere before it got to me, and those holes may be full of water now and only three miles away. I could crawl three miles if I knew there was a drink at the finish—but they may be dry. Then I'll be three miles further from the creek, and three miles further off the trail when the boys come out to look me up. I suppose they will look me up—in about a week—when Mack comes over to see why the horses have not been sent. I'm getting silly already. My head throbs so and my leg, too. If I can get started once, I'll know enough to keep a-going. But how to decide. I'll leave it to chance."

He placed his broad hat on the end of his quirt, held upright, balanced it carefully and gave it a twirl.

"Now, if that side with the bullet-hole stops toward the south I'll crawl toward home, and if it turns to the mountains I will hunt the water-holes. Hold on!" Stopping the revolving hat and closing his eyes, he said in a very low voice: "Oh, Lord, I don't know as one cow-puncher is much object to you, you got so many, but I never did much dirt, only to Billy, and he was so mean himself it served him right. If you will help me out of this scrape and make the hat stop at the right place I'll never forget it. Amen."

Very earnestly then he balanced the hat and set it turning. After several revolutions it came to a stop, with the hole toward the mountains.

"The water-holes it is, then," said he, and carefully noting the direction indicated: "that's rather more to the left than I would choose, but if you say so, it goes."

Without delay, but without haste, he made his preparations for the great effort. Before deciding on a course he had whimpered a little; the shock and pain had unnerved him. There was now no more of that. He had a purpose, and meant to execute it. With bandages made from portions of his clothing, he bound up the leg to give it some support. He set his teeth down hard in a strip of leather cut from his shoe, then fixing his eyes upon a landmark in the distance, which should remain in view as he moved over the plain, he "pulled his freight."

It would fatigue you to follow this man's trail, as foot by foot and hour after hour he painfully progressed toward the water-holes—tortured with thirst, beset by doubt whether he should not find them dry. Upon the desert a man, for lack of water, may perish in a few hours. In the cattle country they can and do live and suffer for days without it. This man did. He was only a common forty-dollar-a-month man. If he did not get through another would take his saddle and his bunk. To the company it mattered not at all whether the name on the pay-roll was John Doe or Richard Roe. He had lived meanly; not always temperately. But he had a trait common to cowboys, a splendid American grit, and he got through. On the third day he dragged himself to the first of the water-holes. It contained a small amount of brackish and muddy water. Beside it grew a stunted willow bush. Beneath the bush lay a sleeping calf. Here were all the elements necessary to insure his safety. To work it out was a matter of detail.

The man does not remember whether he first shot the calf or first slaked his thirst, nor when the idea occurred to him of the perambulatory splints. But by the time he had eaten his second meal of veal—which followed very closely on the first—his plan was complete. He thinks he devoted about twenty-four hours to refreshments. During that time he kept the leg in wet bandages, greatly reducing the swelling.

It was a work of time to cut down the low-branched willow with his jack-knife and to fashioned a cane from the stoutest portion. From smaller branches he made a number of splints, and these he bound about the broken leg by rawhide thongs cut from the calfskin and well soaked in the pool. The contraction of the rawhide in drying made a very strong and rigid support, extending from the foot to the knee, and upon this, with the help of the cane, he would walk. It was not springing, it was slow and painful motion, but by contrast with the three miles achieved in three days on hands and knees it seemed both rapid and easy. He covered the distance to the ranch in one day and night, coming in just when the foreman was calling, "Roll out!"

The first thing he asked, after the boys had put him in bed and cut off the rawhide, was for somebody to shave him.

He had a hard enough time for several weeks, but the doctor did not amputate the leg, as he at first threatened to do. We never convinced this sawbones, though we showed him the rawhide splint, of the fact that the man walked eleven miles on a broken leg.

"Humbug!" said he. "No such case on record. The thing is preposterous."

METHODS OF THE JAPANESE.

From The Boston Transcript.

An American manufacturer, writing from Japan, says that those alarmists who would make the world believe that the Japanese can do everything don't know what they are talking about, and that the people of the Flowery Land, unless they change their entire nature, or, at all events, their methods, can never become formidable commercial rivals with any civilized Power. The real fact is that the "Japs" do nothing; they only half do it, and therein lies the cause of their failure.

The "Jap" thinks of nothing but the present; of what he can make now, and how, by making his commodities a little inferior, he can add a few more cents to his profit. If he has to pay more for his labor the idea of economy, or the bold declaration that he can no longer sell at the original price, never strikes him, but he extends the whole of his ingenuity in trying to diminish the quality without any loss in the appearance. There is no such thing as standard quality. You are never sure of getting the quality you are asked to pay for. So much is this so in Japan that a man seldom buys an article without unwrapping and examining it on the spot. The correspondent continues:

"The Japanese mind is so small that it is difficult to weigh it with American scales; in fact, it may be said that it is made up of trifles, and it is the attention—the labored attention—the 'Jap' gives to these trifles which makes him incapable of ever becoming anything more than a unit in whatever he may be concerned in. As an illustration of what I mean, I will give examples which are of daily occurrence. You want to buy an article, and you ask how much it is. The answer is, say, one cent. Then you ask how much the articles are by the dozen, fully expecting that you will get them for 10 cents. You are not a little amazed when the merchant tells you 11 cents the dozen. You get mad, call the man a fool, and insist that you ought to get a reduction by taking a quantity. Not so with the 'Jap;' that is not his way of doing business. If you take one he reasons that is one cent, but if you take a dozen he will have to count them, and then it will be 11 cents. It is the same with the manufacturer. You give him an order for a hundred of a kind, and then wish to make it a thousand. Immediately he demands an advance in the price. Should he, however, reluctantly agree to take the increased order at the original price, you will probably get the first hundred articles fairly up to sample but as the delivery goes on the quality is sure to fall off. And this smallness is not confined to small people. It permeates the whole country, and one of the leading banks advertises that it allows 1.386 per cent interest on current accounts and 3.115 per cent on savings-bank deposits."